

## LETTERS TO THE JONESES.

[From the Springfield Republican.]  
NUMBER TWO.  
BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.  
TO MRS. MARTHA JONES (WIFE OF DEACON SOLOMON).  
Concerning Her System of Family Government.

I suppose I have thought of you ten thousand times within the last twenty years. I never see a clean kitchen, or a trim and tidy housewife, or an irreproachable "dresser," with its shining rows of tin and pewter, or a dairy full of milk, or a cleanly-raked chip-yard, or polished brass andirons, flaming with fire on one side and reflecting ugly faces on the other, or catch a certain savory scent of breakfast on a frosty morning, or see a number of children crowding out of a door on their way to school, without thinking of you. Thriving, busy, exact, scrupulous, neat, minute in your supervision of all family concerns, striving to have your own way without interfering with the deacon's, you have always lingered in my memory as a remarkable woman. You sat up so late at night and rose so early in the morning, that it seemed as if you never slept. There was a chronic alertness about you that detected and even anticipated every occurrence in and around the house. Not a door could be opened, or a window raised, in any part of the house, however distant it might be without your hearing and identifying it. Not a voice was heard within the house at any time of the day or night that you did not know who uttered it. Your soul seemed to have become the tenant of the whole building, and to be conscious of every occurrence in every part of it at every moment. You not only knew what was going on everywhere but every part spoke of your presence.

It was a curious way you had of maintaining the family harmony without the sacrifice of your own sense of independence. You really carried on a very independent life within certain limits. You were aware that in the matter of will, the deacon, your husband was a mule, and that you could never hope to dispute his empire. So you shrewdly, managed never to cross him where the course of his will ran strongest, and to be sure that no one else crossed him. I remember very well your look of amazement and reproach when you heard me treat with apparent irreverence some of his most rigidly fixed opinions, and assail prejudices which you knew were as deeply seated as his life. I enjoyed your look of amazement quite as much as I did the deacon's anger, for it seemed to me a very justifiable bit of mischief to break into a family peace that was maintained in this way. By humoring and indulging your husband, in all matters over which he saw fit to exercise authority, and by so closely attending to everything else that he did not think of it, you kept him in a state of self-complacency, and was the recognized queen of a wide realm.

As I look back upon your life, I find but little to blame you for. Wherever your errors have been productive of mischief, they have been errors of ignorance—mistakes—possibly excusable in the circumstances under which they were committed. You loved your children with all the tenderness and devotion of a good mother, but, in your anxiety that they should not cross their father's will, and provoke his displeasure, you became but little better than an irksome overseer to them. You knew that if there was anything that your husband insisted on it was parental authority. You knew that the strict ordering of his family was his pet idea, and that family government, in the fullest meaning and force of the phrase, was his hobby. This pet idea—this hobby—you made room for in your family plans. You knew that he was often unreasonable, but that made no difference. You knew that his will ran strongest in that direction, and you made it your business to see that as few obstacles lay in its path as possible. On one side, stood the deacon's inexorable laws and rules and will, by which his children, of every age, were to square their conduct. On the other stood those precious children of yours, with all the willfulness and waywardness of children—with all their longing for parental tenderness and indulgence,—with moods which they had never learned to manage, and tempers which they did not know the meaning of; and you became supremely anxious that the deacon should not be provoked by them to wrath, and that they should escape the consequences of his displeasure.

Well, what was the consequence? This ceaseless vigilance which you had learned to exercise over every portion of the household economy, you extended to the bearing and conduct of your children. You exercised over them the strictest surveillance. You carried in your mind and in your manners a dread of a collision between them and their despotic governor. You tried to save him from irritation and them from its consequences. You kept one eye on him and another on them, and nothing in the conduct of either party escaped you. Your children, as they emerged from babyhood, grew gradually into the consciousness that they were watched, and that not a word could be uttered, or a hand lifted, or a foot moved, without a degree of notice which curtailed its liberty. It was repression—repression—nothing but repression—everywhere, for them. No hearty laugh, or overflowing childish glee, or noisy play for them, for fear that the deacon might be disturbed.

At last every child you had, in addition to the fear of its father, came to entertain a dread of its mother. I think your children loved you, or would have loved you, had they not associated you forever with restraint. If they played, you were near with your ever-

lasting "hush!" If they sat down at table, they knew that your eye was upon them—that you watched the position of every head during the deacon's long "grace"—the passage of every mouthful—the manner in which they asked every question and responded to what was said to them—the amount of food and drink consumed—everything. They felt themselves wrapped up in—devoured by—a vigilant supervision that took from them their liberty and their will, and with them, all feelings of self-respect and self-possession.

It is not the opinion of your neighbors that either your husband or yourself has had anything to do with the ruin of your children. The deacon was so strict and so efficient in his family government, and you were so scrupulously careful in everything that related to their manners at home and away, that they did not imagine it possible that any bad result could naturally flow from such training. I do not say that they are mistaken from any wish to blame you, but I must tell you the truth. Your minute watchfulness and censorious exercise over these children, until you became to them God, conscience and will, were just as fatal to a manly and womanly development as the deacon's irresponsible commands. A boy that feels that every word of his mouth and every movement of his body is watched by one whose eye never sleeps, and whose hand is every ready to repress, becomes at last a coward or a bully. There are natures that will not submit to this surveillance; and when these become weary of the pressure, they kick it aside, and parental restraint—associated with all that is hateful in slavery—is gone forever.

Under the peculiar training and home influences to which your children were subjected, there were but two things that they were likely to become, viz: rebels or cravens. Your children were naturally high-spirited, like the deacon and yourself, and they became rebels. Otherwise, they would have carried with them through life the feeling that whatever show they might put on—however much they might struggle against it—they were underlings. There are some men and some women, probably, who, living through a long life, under favorable circumstances, recover from this early discipline of repression, and this abject slavery of the will, but they are few. They must be few. The negro who has once been a slave cannot, one time in ten, refuse to take off his hat, or bow to a white man. He is never at home when placed on an equality with him. He carries in his soul the badge of servility, and he can no more thrust it from his sight, or banish it from his consciousness, than he can change the color of his skin. This is not because he is a negro, simply, but because he has been a slave,—because he has been trained up to have no will and to be controlled under all circumstances by the wills of those who had him in their power.

A child can be made the slave of a parent just as thoroughly as a negro ever was made the slave of a white man, and such a child can be just as easily damaged by parental or family slavery, as a bondman can be by any system of bondage. A child can be made as mean, and cowardly, and deceitful, and devoid of self-respect, by a system of management which puts a curb upon every action as the devil himself could possibly desire. This system of watchful repression, and minute supervision, and criticism of every action, among children, is utterly debilitating and demoralizing. You intended no harm by it, madam. Under the circumstances, it was a very natural thing for you to do; but I think you can hardly fail to see that, unwittingly, you perfected the work of destruction in your children which the deacon so thoroughly began, and for which he would have been, without your assistance, entirely sufficient.

Oh! when will the world learn that children are neither animals nor slaves? When will the world learn that children—the purest, sweetest, noblest, truest, most sagacious creatures in the world—with a natural charter of liberty as broad as that which enjoyed by the angels—should be treated with respect? When shall this idea that all legitimate training relates to the use of liberty—to the acquisition of the power of self-government—become the universal basis of family policy?

You ask me what I really mean by all this, for you are a practical woman, and are not to be taken in by a set of easily written phrases. Well, I will try to explain, or illustrate, my meaning. I remember a gathering at your house—a party of friends—to which your children were admitted, and I remember with painful distinctness the telegraphic communication which you maintained with them during the whole evening. If James got his legs crossed, or, in his drowsiness, gaped, or, if he coughed, or sneezed, or laughed above a certain key, or made a remark, or moved his chair, it was: "James, h—m!" "James, h—m!" "James, h—m!" and James was only one of half a dozen whom you treated in the same way. You began the evening with the feeling that you were entirely responsible for the behavior of those children,—just as much responsible as if they severally were the fingers of your hand. You acted as if they were machines which, for the evening, you had undertaken to operate? They felt that they were under the eye of a vigilant keeper, and they did not dream of such a thing as acting for themselves. They were acting for you, and they did not know until they heard your suggestive "h—m" whether they were right or wrong. You undertook for the evening to be to them in the stead of their sense of propriety; and the communication between them and you being imperfect, they often offended. I know that your own good sense will tell you now that this is not the way gentlemen and ladies are made.

I was recently in a family circle where I

witnessed a most delightful contrast to all this,—where the sons and daughters were brought up and introduced to me by father and mother with as much politeness and cordiality as if they were kings and queens every one, and with as much freedom as if the parents had not the slightest doubt that the children—from the oldest to the youngest—would bear themselves like ladies and gentlemen. There was no forwardness on the part of these children, as you may possibly suppose; yet there was perfect self-possession; and each child knew that he stood upon his own merits. I suppose that if any one of these children had indulged in any inpropriety during this interview—as one of them did—he would have been kindly told afterward, by one of the parents, what he had done, and why he should never repeat it. Your children (pardon me for saying it) were always awkward in company and for the simple reason that they did not know whether they were pleasing you or not. They had no freedom and were guided by no principle. Your will was their rule, and your will, so far as it related to all the minutiae of behavior, was not thoroughly known; so they were always embarrassed, and always turning their eyes toward you. Your entire system of management was based on distrust, while that of the family with which I contrast yours was founded on trust. Your children, while you could possibly keep your hold upon them, were never permitted to outgrow their petticoats, while those of the other family allied to while put upon their own responsibility just as soon as possible. Is there any doubt as to which system of treatment is best?

Perhaps you, and many others who read this letter, think that parental authority cannot be maintained without its constant and direct assertion. If so, then you and they are mistaken. I have known families that possessed fathers and mothers who were honored, admired, loved, almost worshipped—fathers and mothers whose children dreaded nothing so much as to give them pain—yet these same children knew no such word as fear, and would have been utterly ashamed to render the assertion of parental authority necessary. Parents and children were friends and companions—the children deferring to the wishes and opinions of the parents, and the parents consulting the happiness and trusting the good sense and good intentions of the children. Whenever I hear a young man calling his father "the old man," and his mother "the old woman," I know that the old man and the old woman are to blame for it.

If your children had turned out well, it must have been in spite of a system of training which was so far from being education as to be its opposite. There was no inner life organized; there was no building up of character; there was no establishment in each child's heart of a bar of judgment—no exercise in the use of liberty; but only restraint, only fear, only slavery.

I do not entertain those opinions of one variety of disorderly families, which you and the deacon seem to have entertained all your lives. I have never yet seen the house where children were happy that did not show evidences of disorder; and a man is a fool, or something worse, who quarrels with this state of things. Where children have playthings, and where they play with them, there must necessarily be disorder, and furniture more or less disarranged and defaced, and noise more or less disagreeable, and litter that is not highly ornamental. And before children have had an opportunity to learn propriety of speech and deportment—before they are educated—there will be in their conduct—in play-room and parlor alike—more or less of irregularity and extravagance. Remarks will be made that will shock all hearers; laughs too boisterous to be musical will be indulged in; sudden explosions of anger will occur, with other eccentricities of conduct that need not be named. There are remedies for all these—in time. When, in the course of their education, the sense of propriety is stimulated and strengthened, and pride of character is developed, these irregularities will disappear, and an orderly family will be the consequence, each child having become its own reformer.

There was a feature of your family government, which you held in common with your husband, that made still more complete the slavery of your children. It was the deacon's opinion, you will remember, that a boy who was not too tired to play at ball or slide down hill, or skate, was not too tired to saw wood, and it was his policy to direct all the excess of animal life which his boys manifested into the channels of industry and usefulness. You seconded this opinion, and maintained that a girl who was not too sleepy to make a doll's hat, or a doll's dress, was not too sleepy to hem a handkerchief, or darn a stocking. So your children never had what children call "a good time." Always kept at work when possible, and always restrained in every exhibition of the spirit of play, home became an irksome place to them, and childhood a dreary period. Your children were never permitted to do anything to please themselves in their own way. Everything was done—or you insisted that everything should be done—to please you, in your way. If one of your daughters sat down to rest, or resorted to a little quiet amusement you stirred her at once by some petty command. I was often tempted to be angry with you, because you would never give your children any peace. You had always something for them to do, and something that had to be done just at the very time when they were enjoying themselves best.

"Precept upon precept" is very well, in its way, but principle is much better. The principle of right and proper acting, fully

inculcated, renders unnecessary all precepts; and until a child has fully received this principle he is without the basis of manhood.—The earlier this principle is received and a child thrown upon his own responsibility, and made to feel that he is a man, lacking only years to give him strength and wisdom, the safer that boy is for time and eternity. The moment a boy becomes morally responsible, he becomes in a most important sense—a sense which you and the deacon never recognized—free. I do not say that he is removed from parental control or rational restraint, but that it is the business of the parent to educate him in the principle of self-government. A boy bred thus, becomes ten times more a man than a boy bred in the way which has seemed best to you; and when he goes forth from the parental roof he goes forth strong, and able to battle with life's trials and temptations. Children long for recognition—to do things for themselves—to be their own masters and mistresses. Their play is all based on the assumption that they are men and women, as, in miniature, they are; and, insisting on the right use of liberty and teaching them how to use it, they should have it, restrained only when that liberty is abused.

### Encourage the Boys.

The man who tied a wisp of grass to a pole, and when he wanted to travel, carried it within tantalizing distance of the nose of the donkey on which he rode, was a true philosopher. He understood human nature as well as "soft sadder." Coaxing is as much more potent than driving, as the influence of the smiling sun is greater than that of the boisterous wind; molasses catches more flies than vinegar. The case of the donkey is not without a human parallel.—Many people, and especially boys, are discouraged from useful effort by being scolded. Their plans are thwarted, and they are forced into channels of labor that they wish not of. A distasteful work that brings the operator no pleasant anticipations, is a work without heart. Where there is no heart or hope, there is little pleasure or treasure. True success depends upon one's love of his work, and the heartiness with which he engages in it.

Of late years the complaint has been common that New England boys are deserting the homesteads. They get away from home and leave their parents to strangers. Boys, like trees, often do better for transplanting. But it generally makes the old nursery look desolate. The population of many farming towns decreases with every decade, and not a few once prosperous and flourishing villages have thus gone into decline and decay, to the great discomfiture of real estate owners. Is there no remedy for these things? The remedy may be found in our heading, "Encourage the Boys." Give them something that they can call their own. Aid them in necessary in their projects. Let them feel the stimulus of gain; see that they have a fair field. Make home and farm attractive, and our word for it there will be less desire to emigrate, and a higher regard for home institutions. This treating young people harshly, hedging up every path of ambition, making them feel that they are without honor in their own town, and telling them to shirk for themselves as far as they can, before them, is bad policy and sooner or later reacts upon those who practice it. They would be less hearty and homestead desolation in the country to-day, if the enterprising sons and boys were properly encouraged.

A case in point has lately come under our observation. A farmer's lad in his teens was getting uneasy and wanted more independence. He wanted something of his own, something to do without begging for it. His father, willing to encourage him the use of an old garden spot, on condition that he should not neglect the more important farm work. The lad ambitious and buoyant, at once commenced the work of improvement. Early and late he was at his task, and many hours of leisure and play were thus devoted to profitable labor. A cord and a half of manure was carted out to his 23 square rods of garden, and as soon as the frost would admit plowed under. On the 9th of April last, the whole was sown with early peas in drills, nearly a peck of seed being used. The season was wet and eminently favorable to the pea crop. The total yield was 45 bushels in the peck, all of which were marketed by young Elbridge, for that was the boy's name, at a good result of \$50. The picking commenced the last week in June and terminated on the 23d of July. No sooner was the ground cleared, than preparations were made for another crop. Another cord and a half of manure was applied, and the land fitted for tobacco. On the 9th of July the plants were set and on the 16th of September cut and housed. The growth was fine rather than rank, and of desirable quality. The yield was 210 pounds, which readily brought 17 cents, or a total of \$35.70. The grand total result of these 23 rods of one season was therefore \$85.70, or at the rate of about \$600 per acre. All of the labor hired for this result was \$4 in picking the peas. The rest was done mornings and nights by this lad, with occasionally the aid of his father. With the money thus obtained the young man has clothed himself and paid his tuition all winter in one of our select schools, and thus laying a good foundation for the future.

We respectfully submit that this is most farming, and worthy of imitation. Here is a sermon in a nutshell. A whole summer's work in five minutes. Actions speak louder than words, and the more simple the act the more eloquent the appeal. That is true eloquence, whether of word or deed, which is said and written now-a-days agriculturally, that has no practical value. Beautiful speculations and ingenious theories may tickle the ear, but plain, unvarnished truth reaches the heart. Any one can see that the above statement goes to the right spot, and shows the profit of high cultivation. Let the wise and prudent give the boys a chance, and they themselves learn something new.—*Springfield Republican.*

FEED FOR SHEEP.—The sheep is a nibbler, that is, will bite at almost anything in the line of herd's food. It will nibble shorter than any other stock, and it thrives best on variety; it will suffer without it. Feed it by little—a little straw, a little hay, a little grain or meal, a little roots, apples, &c. It wants all this, and it wants you to furnish it—it likes to feed from your hand. It will waste nothing in this way, and thrive exceedingly.

### Suffering Among the Cattle.

In some parts of Canada West suffering among the cattle for the want of fodder is intense. A contemporary at Nanpanee says: Hundreds of cattle have already died of starvation and thousands are so weak that winter weather continues much longer they must perish, as there is no feed left to sustain them. In some parts you may travel for miles, or even for a score of miles, and not see the least indication of even a sheaf of straw about the barns, and no stock rear, excepting it may be a few yearlings, and other stock too much reduced to go to the woods. All that are able to walk in the snow have been driven to the bush, and are browsed on the top of trees felled for that purpose. The weak and young ones remaining at home are fed with bread, pan cakes, bran, &c., out of the scanty stock intended by the settler for the use of himself and family. Such a pitiable state of things has rarely, if ever, been witnessed in those regions before.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS HAVE TO CARRY.—A soldier writing from Falmouth last week thus hits off the custom of our officers in loading down the infantry soldiers:

"We have had another inspection to-day, and eight days' rations have been issued to the men, thus making each man his own supply train. This may be economy, but I think it will 'play out' after the first trial; if it does not I am sure the men will. This is something we have never done before. We have carried five days' rations, and thought that tedious, but if we march, as we are hourly expecting to be ordered to do, we shall think Old Joe is manufacturing back numbers. Just imagine yourself carrying your house, a well, and a grocery store, a rifle, sixty death warrants, &c., on your back, and you after the rebels; wouldn't you think yourself on the road of glory? Banbury's Pilgrim wasn't much of a chap compared with an infantry soldier of the army of the Potomac!"

### A Plea for Farmer's Wives.

A writer in the N. Y. Observer, under the heading of "Who go crazy?" says: "Some time ago I examined the statistics of a Lunatic Asylum in Massachusetts, and I was astonished to find that the largest number of cases came from the very last class of people to which one would have looked for the insane. The class was of young farmers' wives! And the report stated very distinctly the causes of this remarkable fact: young women take upon themselves the care of housekeeping with the tools of farm-life added, and those of a family too, unable to keep 'help,' and ambitious to be smart and keep up appearances, they worry or fret themselves to death or insanity. There is a good lesson to be learned from this startling fact. Lay it to heart, young women, and especially young mothers. And not only lay it to heart but lay it up in your heads too. The moral of it is: 'Don't worry; don't overwork; don't try to do everything at once, and all alone too; don't think that the world will come to an end, or that your folks will be ruined, if this little thing is not done to-night; but take things quietly, patiently, hopefully; always be in haste, but never in a hurry; do one thing at a time, and do it well, and then attempt the next, and do it no thought for the morrow, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Life is too precious to be wasted in idleness or destroyed by worrying."

### Gen. Banks' Victories in the Têche Country.

The mail from New Orleans preceding that which arrived on Saturday is still missing, which accounts for the incompleteness of the accounts from Gen. Banks' expedition into the Têche country. If the rebel account is true, that he has won the south side of the river, opposite Bayou Sara, we may be sure that he followed up his successes in the Têche district in the style in which they were commenced, and cleared the region of rebel armies; otherwise he would hardly have pushed on leaving them nearer to New Orleans than his own army. It appears that a serious fight for two days occurred at Bethel Place, and another at Vermilion Bayou; that the rebel reduced the rebel batteries at Blaine in Rose, and that Gen. Grover had also fought a hard battle and taken away many prisoners before forming a junction with Gen. Banks to march upon Opelousas, where a fight was expected, of which no account has yet come to hand.

At Vermilion Bayou the rebels had posted a force of over 1000 infantry and strong batteries of artillery in ambush. Fire was opened upon the advance of Gen. Banks' army from the whole force of the enemy. The fight raged furiously for some time, but resulted finally, after considerable loss on both sides, in the giving way of the rebels and the crossing of our troops.

On the second night of the attack on the rebel works at Bethel Place, they were heard evacuating the position, but no movement in pursuit was made till early the next morning. Col. Kimball, of the Massachusetts 53d, was the first to enter the works and plant the national colors. The scene on every hand gave the fullest evidence of the day before. Their unburied dead were lying around on all sides. Within an area of fifty feet thirty horses lay dead on the field. There were found in the rebel works one 32-pound smooth bore cannon, and a fine 12-pounder rifled brass howitzer. This latter piece, with its caisson, was being drawn over a bridge across a ditch to the rear of the works when a solid shot from one of our 30-pounder Parrotts struck the bed of the piece, and threw it and caisson into the ditch, where it now lies. Large stores of all kinds of ammunition and some Enfield rifles, and a few small arms, were found in the works, having been abandoned by the enemy. The remnants of a hasty meal were found scattered around near the cannon. In one place the earthworks were torn up by a bursting shell, and the earth in many places was very much plowed up by the iron missiles of death. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed among our troops as they entered the rebel stronghold. Loud cheers were given as the advancing column passed through the intrenchments, and beheld the fearful effects of the two days' struggle.

### GEN. GROVER'S EXPEDITION.

The force led by Gen. Grover, which went

most of the way by water through Grand Lake and the Têche, had a severe fight at Franklin, where the enemy held a strong position. The rebel infantry was concealed in a thick forest. The 25th Connecticut regiment was ordered into action on the left of the line, and in the advance. When a charge was ordered, to force the rebels from their position and to take their artillery, the 13th Connecticut had to charge through a plowed field and over two fences. Notwithstanding these obstacles, this regiment succeeded in capturing two cannons, six horses, two swivels, and a splendid flag from the enemy. The flag was of fine silk, six feet in length, bordered with rich silver tinsel, and bore upon it the inscription—"The Ladies of Franklin to the St. Mary's Cannoniers." Soon after the capture of the 13th, the enemy fell back defeated. The force opposed to us was not large, but had the advantage of position, and of making a surprise. The total force of the rebels, both here and at the batteries below, did not exceed 10,000 men. Our loss was considerable, and that of the enemy must have corresponded with ours.

By the time our troops had arrived at New Iberia, nearly 500 horses, mules, and beef cattle had been collected, and were placed in kraals along the wayside. Their numbers were so rapidly augmented by the constant seizures from the plantations bordering the road, that it became necessary to establish additional places for their safe keeping. The mules were found very useful to the regimental surgeons in the transportation of the sick. Some fine blooded horses were made to replace the more jaded animals bestrode by officers.

### The Loss of the Anglo Saxon.

It is now ascertained that 233 out of 445 persons on board the ocean steamer Anglo Saxon were lost; only 33 cabin, 103 steerage passengers and 7 of the crew were saved. The vessel lies in fourteen fathoms of water, and is broken up; the mails and cargo are all lost. The first officer gives the following statement of the disaster:

The Anglo Saxon left Liverpool on the 10th instant, at 5 P. M. She experienced strong westerly gales until Saturday, the 25th, at 9 P. M., when she fell in with ice and a thick fog. The engines were immediately slowed. At 10 P. M., the ice being so thick and heavy, the engines were stopped altogether, a light breeze from the south forcing the ship ahead about one knot an hour. At 3 A. M. on the 26th the fog lifted, and the ice having slackened, we set the foretopsails and head-sails, moving the engines occasionally at a dead slow. At 10 A. M. the fog cleared altogether, and we saw clear water, to the west-north-west from the masthead. We continued our course toward clear water. At 2 P. M. we got the ship clear of ice, and steered northwest by west with full speed, and with all possible sail. A moderate breeze was blowing from the southward at 3 A. M. on the 26th, latitude 46 degrees 57 minutes, longitude 57 degrees 24 minutes by the chronometer.

At 10 P. M. the breeze freshened, and blew strongly from the south-south-east, and a dense fog set in. We took in all sail at 8 A. M. on the 27th. The fog still continued to be dense, and supposing the ship to be forty miles off Cape Race we altered her to the west, half north and slowed the engines to half speed, which we supposed would have taken us 17 miles south of Cape Race. At ten minutes past 11 A. M., breakers were reported on the starboard beam. Capt. Burgess immediately ordered the engines to be reversed at full speed, but before her headway could be stopped she struck flat on the rocks off Cape Race, about four miles north of Cape Race. A heavy sea rolling in drove her quarter on the rocks, carrying away her rudder, stern post, and propeller. Finding that there was no possibility of the ship coming off, the order was given to let go both anchors to hold the ship on the rocks. The carpenter was forthwith sent to examine the fore peak, and found it tilting fast with water. He also examined the fore hatch, but found no water there. The chief engineer coming up immediately afterwards reported the forward stoke hold tilting fast. He opened the valves and blew the steam out of the boiler. The boats were all immediately lowered successfully except No. 1 and No. 3. The ship was so close on the rocks these could not be got out. Boat No. 2 with some of the crew and passengers, commanded by Capt. Crawford, went to find a place to land the passengers. Some of the crew being landed on the rocks by means of the studding sail-boom, with the help of some of the passengers, got a hawser secured to a rock to keep the vessel from drifting away. A heavy sea moved to land the female passengers on the rocks by means of the fore derrick. The first class passengers were put into a boat. At about noon the ship's stern swung off from the rocks, and she settled down very fast, listing to port at the same time, and sunk in deep water. The captain and a great many passengers were on deck at the time, and with a part of the crew, are all lost.

The Concord Standard, political manual for 1863, just issued, states that Judge Eastman's returns fall 700 below the combined vote of Gilmore and Harriman. For railroad commissioner there is no choice; David H. Balfanz, the republican candidate, will be elected by the legislature. For members of Congress, Daniel Marcy, democrat, in the first district, has 70 majority; E. H. Rollins, republican, in the second district, 74 majority; and J. M. Patterson, republican, in the third district, 230 majority. In the executive council three republicans and two democrats are all chosen by the popular vote. The state Senate stands eight republicans and three democrats.

We see by the Manchester (N. H.) papers that the proposal to unite the 24 and 17th Regiments in that State is talked of, and that the latter corps (which is being recruited) is opposed to the "Union," although only in this relation.

### THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY May, 1863. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The present number is quite up to the established Atlantic standard, if not a little above it. It opens with pleasant selections from "Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings." Miss Prescott begins a new story entitled "Dark Ways," distinguished by her usual brilliancy. Dr. Holmes has a curious and instructive article on "The Human Wheel," his Spokes and Felloes," explaining the locomotive powers of the human system. Hawthorne has another of his genial English sketches entitled "Up the Thames," and Agassiz explores "The Fern Forests of the Carboniferous Period." Gail Hamilton most agreeably gossips about "Gala Days." The author of "Life in the Iron Mills," begins a new story, "Paul Blucker." D. A. Wasson negatively answers the question, "Shall we compromise?" The poetry of the number is good.

Over a million and a half dollars have been subscribed recently in this country and England, to the Atlantic telegraph; and the work of constructing the cable is to be commenced at once.